W. J. Hubbard Esq
from his friend
W. L. Sohier

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# The Voice of the Departed:

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A SERMON

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PREACHED IN TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON,

ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1830;

ON OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF

THE LATE RECTOR,

THE REVEREND

JOHN SYLVESTER JOHN GARDINER, D. D.

BY

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, A. M.

ASSISTANT MINISTER.

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE CONGREGATION.

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BOSTON:

SAMUEL H. PARKER.

1830.

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# SERMON.

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HEBREWS, XI, 4.

HE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH.

God forbid that it should not be so! God forbid that there should be no voice, even from the grave of wisdom, virtue, piety, to cheer and guide us in the path they trod! God forbid that there should be power in the all-grasping sepulchre, to shut in, with the poor perishable body, the immortal spirit which informed and animated it! But no, it is not so—thank God!—it is not so. Jesus has been made incarnate, Jesus has died, Jesus has risen again—and even the grave, the grave is eloquent! Precious, glorious, triumphant truth! Socrates hoped for it. Cicero reasoned of it. Paul, standing by the deserted tomb of Jesus Christ, asserted it:—"now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits,"—the earnest, the example, the forerunner—"of them that sleep." Be of good cheer, then, Christian mourners! "Your dead men shall live." *Shall*, do I

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say? They are not dead. They cannot die. "God is not a God of the dead, but of the living—for all live to him." They live to God. They live to themselves. They live to us—cheering our hearts by the remembered music of their voices, guiding our footsteps by the lingering light of their example. The stone, rolled from the sepulchre by power divine, is rolled away forever. The grave has ceased to be a prison, for its doors stand open. They open upward. It is the way to heaven. Nor are they closed to us. They open to our ears and to our hearts. There is a voice that issues from them, as from an oracle divine, to stir our inmost souls. It is the deep, resistless eloquence of our beloved and lost. "Being dead," they speak to us. They admonish us that life is short—and bid us be prepared to follow them. They admonish us that its paths are dark, and dubious, and slippery—and bid us to walk uprightly and firmly, with constant watchfulness and care. They admonish us that its responsibilities are infinite, and awful—and bid us look beyond ourselves for light and strength, for mercy and forgiveness. They admonish us that its issues are eternal, irrevocable, unchangeable—and they exhort us, as we aspire to wear the glorious "crown of everlasting life," that we continue "faithful unto death."

It is on such a summons, Christian brethren, that we are gathered here to-day. Our spiritual guide, our friend beloved, our venerated father, has been taken from us. He has gone to his rest, in a strange and distant land. His sepulchre, by a mysterious dispensation of the All-wise, is not with us. The spot which should have been moistened by our tears,

and hallowed in our hearts, was decked by the hands, and consecrated by the prayers of strangers. Yet, from that distant, solitary grave, there comes a voice that finds a pulse in all our bosoms. It is not lost amid the billows of the dark Atlantic. It is not spent upon the fury of careering winds. It reaches, it pervades, it melts our hearts. To us, brethren of the congregation—to you, the chosen flock of all his care; to me, the sharer of his confidence and of his toil —the tenant of that tomb, though dead, yet speaks. He speaks to us of himself—and bids us sorrow not for him, even as others who have no hope, for in the grave there is rest; rest for the homesick wanderer's weary feet, rest for the body, racked by pain, or worn by slow disease, rest for the toil-spent spirit in the bosom of its God. He speaks to us of ourselves, of our present duties, of our future hopes, of our eternal destinies—and bids us go, right onward, in the path of faith, of hope, of charity, of obedience, of patient submission to the will of the Almighty, of humble confidence in the arrangements of the All-merciful; that, through the atoning merits of the Saviour, we may, at last, receive the welcome sentence, "Enter, good and faithful servants, into the joy and glory of your Lord!" Brethren, let not these solemn admonitions, consecrated by distance, consecrated by sorrow, consecrated by death, be addressed to you in vain. The voice of him, from out whose grave they come to you, listened to so often, listened to with so much satisfaction, can never speak to you again. These sacred places, which have known him so long, which have known him so well, can know him now no more forever. Your eyes, accustomed from in-

fancy to behold his well known features, or calling up, from memory's pictured treasures, his accustomed figure, as among the most familiar objects of your manhood's intercourse, shall see his face no more. Let us recall, then, while the time permits, the fading traces of the past. Let us arrest, while yet one echo lingers, the instructions of that once eloquent tongue. It will appeal to you by sympathies which none on earth can claim. It will awaken in your bosoms memories that have slept perhaps for years. It will bring back the venerable forms of aged parents; and fair visions of beloved ones that faded in their full blown beauty, as the rainbow fades; and shadowy images, but dimly visible, of buds of innocence and loveliness, that were but half disclosed before the tempest shook them from the tree of life. But, Brethren, though it cost "some natural tears," shun not the magic glass which memory holds. It is a holy and permitted spell. It is an inspiration that befits the time, the place, the persons, the occasion. The eye, thus practised, will turn less eagerly to gaze upon the passing pageantry of life—will fix a keener, steadier, more hopeful, more resolved contemplation on the abiding splendours of the excellent glory. The heart, thus influenced, will engage with less devotion in the feverish strifes of earth; will hold in truer and more chastened estimation the pursuits of time; and seek with more determined purpose to be fitted for that high and holy place, where, when the final trump has sounded, we hope forever to repair the void which death has now laid open in our aching breasts.

The reverend and lamented object of our thoughts, —and, if he and we had not been Christians, I might

add of our regrets,—though a long life of honour and happiness and usefulness identified him with this, his favourite city, was not a native of it. His ancestors, long back, respectable farmers of Lincolnshire, in England, had indeed made this the country of their adoption, at an early period of its settlement. And his grandfather, Sylvester Gardiner,* though a native of Rhode Island, long resident in Boston, as a physician, in eminent and extensive practice; and his father, John Gardiner, born here, might naturally induce the supposition that it was his birth place also. It was however, as you are well aware, the common practice, among such as could afford it, anterior to the war of the revolution, to send their sons "home," as the natural expression was, to receive their education. For this purpose, John Gardiner went, at an early age, to England, and having studied law at the Inner Temple, and been admitted to the bar with great prospect of success, was married to a lady of a respectable Welsh family of the name of Harris; and their eldest son, the late Rev. John Sylvester John Gardiner, D. D. was thus born, in the month of June, as I am led to believe, in the year 1765, at Haverford (or, as it is commonly called, Harford) West, in South Wales. John Gardiner was a whig in politics, and a dissenter in religion; and finding these circumstances an impediment to his advancement at home, and having received the honourable appointment of Attorney General of the island of St. Christopher, removed thither, soon after the birth of his son; where, he continued to reside, until the war between the Colonies and Great Britain ended.

*See Note I.

From the West Indies, the son came, at five years of age, and about the year 1770, to the grandfather, then resident here—and having remained at school until his eighth or ninth year, after a short visit to his father at St. Christopher's, was sent to complete his studies under the direction of that eminent scholar,and extraordinary disciplinarian, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Parr. Placed here, within the reach of the best aliments of a profound classical education, his mental growth was rapid, healthy, vigorous; and the pupil then, and in all after years, approved himself well worthy of the master. Nor was the school at Norwich to him an intellectual *palæstra* merely. "The elements were so mixed in him" that, while his mind was wrestling with the mighty masters of philosophy and of the lyre, and gathering force and grace from the continual struggle, the buoyant spirit of his youth, and his inherited physical powers, made him foremost in all sports of strength and skill, of prompt activity, and of enduring patience—and, while the foundation was thus laid of a healthful manhood, and deferred old age, the firm and well-compacted frame became the fair expression of the active and athletic mind that had its residence within. From Dr. Parr's school, the subject of this notice returned to his father, in the West Indies, and, about the year 1783, and probably in his eighteenth year, came with him to Boston; thenceforward to be, for more than forty years, his happy home. In compliance with the wishes of his father, his attention was first turned to the study of the Law; which, for a short time, he pursued, partly with his father, and partly in the office of the late Judge Tudor. But, his inclination leaning to the

sacred office, he pursued, subsequently, with his father's approbation, the study of Theology—and, having officiated for some time as lay-reader at Pownalboro' in Maine, was admitted to holy orders in 1787, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Provoost, the Bishop of New-York. His first labours in the ministry were in the parish of St. Helena, Beaufort, South Carolina, but I am uncertain of how great duration. The Greene Foundation, for the support of a constant Assistant Minister to the Rector of Trinity Church, established in 1763, by the excellent Thomas Greene, Esq., and now grown to be a noble monument of his wise and pious generosity, being at this period vacant, the Rev. Mr. Gardiner was, in 1792, unanimously elected Assistant to the Incumbent, the Rev. Dr. Parker.—The income of the Foundation being then inadequate to his support, the Assistant Minister added to his labours in the parish the arduous, but most honourable, employment of a teacher—first, in a large and highly popular classical school, and then, in a class of select pupils, taught at his own house. From the period of the Revolution, classical learning had greatly declined. The teachers were themselves imperfectly instructed. The schools were few, and poorly taught. He brought to the great work stores of learning, an experience rich and ripe in the best methods of instruction, and an ardent love of the pursuit. His school soon acquired great reputation. His pupils were numerous. They entered high at the University. They commended to others the instruction and the discipline they had themselves enjoyed. From the establishment of his school the revival, in this community, of classical learning, may

be dated.* The spontaneous tribute of two Universities, offering to the scholar of Parr their academic honours—the one so near that its judgment could not be uninformed, the other so remote that its approbation could not be partial—were the immediate and gratifying testimonies to his good service in the cause of letters. Their living and enduring monument stands in the affectionate remembrance of his still surviving pupils, and in the high and honourable stations which some of them are now sustaining in the public eye. Upon the death of Dr. Parker, who, in the latter part of his most valuable life, was raised to the Episcopate, the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, was, by unanimous consent, made Rector, and inducted to that office, on the fifteenth of April, in the year 1805. The public school was now relinquished for the course of private education. But the office which he had left was, at his request, kept vacant, and he himself continued to discharge alone the duties of his arduous station; the fund being left to increase, that his successor, might never be compelled to experience the privations, or to endure the double labour which had fallen to his share. With what acceptance he discharged these duties, how highly his services were appreciated, how deep, and strong, and widely-spread was the conviction of his talents, his attainments, and his virtues, let this congregation, honouring him when with them, sympathising with him when absent, lamenting him when dead, be suffered to bear witness. Or, if the testimony of friends be partial, let the public voice, the voice of all who were admitted to his acquaintance, the respect and reverence

*See Note II.

of a whole community, be permitted to declare.—That a man, holding so long an eminent and enviable office, bearing himself in all its duties with perfect fearlessness and independence upon person, rank or station, expressing always with the utmost frankness, and defending with the utmost ardour, sentiments and claims which often were at variance with the convictions of those with whom he had habitual intercourse, should leave no enemy behind, should leave no one acquaintance who did not mourn his loss, is evidence to all mens' minds, that cannot be disputed, either of singular prudence to conciliate esteem, or of singular ability and virtue to command it. It was not till our friend approached his grand climacteric, that his physical energies began to fail—that an unwonted cloud was seen to hang upon the brow that had been always clear and radiant—that a weight, as of accumulated years, seemed added to the step that had been ever free and firm—and, evidence unquestionable to all who knew him, that he himself felt the incipient failure,—that he was willing to share with an Assistant the labours and anxieties of his great charge. How promptly and assiduously he still continued to perform his part—how, till the last, he cherished the fond hope of rallying again his wonted energies—how, when the completion of this second temple seemed to form a crisis in our condition, he threw himself, feeble as he was, like an old Roman soldier, into the imminent breach, and bore triumphantly the heat, the hazard, and the honour of the day, all you who hear me know. But the desperate struggle was unequal. He had an enemy to cope with, who could sap as well as storm. He was

compelled to yield. A winter's respite from exertion was submitted to. The best succours of the healing art were put in requisition. Still, there was no relenting of the insidious malady. As a last resort, a voyage to Europe was resolved on—and he sailed, with the opening spring, with our best prayers, to speed him on his way, and bring him back to us in health and joy. But the God, by whom all prayers are heard, answers them in his own wisdom, and in his own way. He arrived at Liverpool, no better. He hastened to London for advice—and received there, from kind friends whom he found, or made, every solace and attention which his weakness needed, or their assiduity could yield. —From London he was sent to Harrowgate, to try its mineral waters. But God did not design his restoration to us, and the healing angel could not bless the wave. In vain for him, in vain for us, were practised skill, or foreign climes, or friendly assiduities, or filial piety, or conjugal devotion. His days were numbered. His last sands trembled to their fall. His lamp of life was flickering to go out. The malady which mined in secret, reached at last the seat of life. There was no strife, no struggle. One by one, the cords were sundered, till the last gave way. Drop by drop, the vital stream ebbed out, until the channel was left dry. On the 28th of July, he had been apparently as usual, but waking with a sensation of faintness, sunk from that time gradually away, and, at the hour of nine, on the morning of the 29th, breathed out, without a struggle or a groan, his parting spirit—and, on the 31st, all that was mortal of our friend, was, by strange hands, con-

signed to a strange grave, upon a strange and distant shore.

Thus have I sketched, with melancholy hand, the life, decline, and death, of the respected Rector of this sorrowing Church. I have not feared that you would think me tedious, for love is curious of all accidents and circumstances of the beloved; and, most of all, when death has consecrated, and the grave is soon to set its seal upon them. As, then, we hasten to catch one more glimpse of the familiar face—as, then, we linger, as if to stay, vain hope! the greedy coffin's fatal clasp—as, then, kind looks and gentle words and generous actions float up upon the tide of recollection, and we dwell upon them with a fondness that keeps no consciousness of time or outward circumstance, so let us now, before the dear remembrance of our brother and our father is consigned to the deep, silent grave of our affections, recall, as faithful memory shall supply them, the lineaments and features which stood out in bold relief upon his character; giving their form and impress to the community in which he moved, making their mark, deep and indelible, upon the living tables of our hearts.

The striking points of Dr. Gardiner's character may be presented in a threefold light—*moral*, *intellectual*, and *religious*. In what remains of this discourse he shall be regarded as a MAN, a SCHOLAR, and a CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

As a MAN, the moral lineaments of our friend were strongly marked. We might expect this, so far as character is inherited, from what is known of his father, in whom great intellectual powers seem not always to have been governed by prudence, or restrained by

a due regard to the opinions of mankind. In the son, whatever might be thus derived, circumstances greatly contributed to develope and confirm. Sent from home, as we have seen, at five years of age, he was thrown early upon his own resources, and led, of necessity, to think and act for himself; while the discipline of Parr's school, a discipline of almost Spartan tendencies, was eminently fitted to mature and fix what nature had indicated, and accident encouraged. Let it not be thought that this was a misfortune. It is the hard wood that takes and holds the highest polish; and from the fitful play of light and shade upon the knots and curls of "the unwedgeable and gnarled oak," result the deepest and the richest colours, and the tints most soft, and delicate. The mind which yields to all impressions can retain none. It is the stout and manly spirit that is great to endure, and to achieve. And it is precisely upon such a temperament, that high literary cultivation, and the influences of our holy religion, produce their finest and most beautiful results. There was in Dr. Gardiner, as illustrative of what I have attempted to describe, great directness of purpose, great plainness of speech, and great boldness of action. He said what he thought pertinent to the occcasion, he pursued what he thought right, without regard to opinions or to consequences. He cared little for the external distinctions of the world, the mere trappings of circumstance and accident; having reference to the man, rather than to his condition, and looking for the true mint-mark in the endowments of the mind, and the qualities of the heart. A sound constitution, and long uninterrupted health, affording

him but slight experience of pain, together with a constant disposition to look upon the bright side of every thing, allowed him but little sympathy with those who whine beneath the stroke of sorrow, or murmur at the ways of providence. Yet, to the claims of real suffering, his ear, and heart, and hand were ever open; and while others gave good words, his was the liberal alms, or the efficient service. His partialities were decided, consistent, permanent. So too, it may be said, were his dislikes. They were, at least, not disguised. Few men, indeed, have loved their friends better, or attached them to themselves by stronger ties. Of few such tempers can it be said, that like his, they made no enemies. There never lived a man more faithful in the discharge of what he deemed his duty. He never rested with the sense of an obligation unfulfilled. His attention to business, whether public or private, was strict and scrupulous—never slighting an engagement, never procrastinating, never failing in punctuality. He was as guiltless as a child of what the world calls policy—and, could he have been tempted to engage in it, like a child, he would have betrayed himself. The love of money was not in all his thoughts. He only used it because he must; and, with the necessity for it, would gladly have been rid of it. He was not born to affluence, but to something better—a cheerful and contented spirit, that could make a sunshine in the shadiest place—and, having always, by God's blessing on his labours, possessed a competence, he lived, till disease eat out the heart of his enjoyments, one of the happiest of men. His fireside was his throne. His home his palace. Here he delight-

ed to feel himself a king; and, in the full exercise of a most free and generous hospitality, to make others feel it too. His social qualities were indeed pre-eminent. And his ingenuous frankness, his never-ebbing cheerfulness, his unostentatious kindness, had knit him in bonds, which death cannot avail to sever, to all with whom his private or official intercourse was held. How shall we miss, brethren, from all our paths of life the steady lustre of such virtues! What must the darkness be, of the domestic hearth, where such a light is quenched!

To his SCHOLARSHIP, I have before alluded, and to his noble use of it. In that respect he was equalled by few among us, excelled by none. It was deep, accurate, comprehensive, tasteful. It was not a mere verbal knowledge, laid up to rust in the storehouse of his memory. He was imbued with it. It was instinct through all his thoughts, and all his conversation. It gave vigour and grasp to his intellect.—It elevated and refined his taste. It animated and polished his style. His favourite studies were the Greek, Latin, and English Classics—though he was not ignorant of Italian and of French. His chosen authors, Homer, the Augustan poets, Milton, and the English writers of Elizabeth and Anne, were ever in his hands. He had read them daily, through every year of his long life, till they had become incorporated, as it were, with the very substance of his mind. And, in him, these studies had completely verified the beautiful eulogium of Cicero—as they had been the aliment of his youth, and the delight of his manhood, so they proved to him a solace never failing in his sickness and old age.†

† See Note III.

As a CHRISTIAN MINISTER, the course of our departed friend has had but few parallels. For nearly forty years did he continue acceptably to minister to this parish in holy things. He saw a whole generation pass from these sacred walls before him. He had enjoyed the confidence of the fathers, and he still lived, fortunate old man! to retain the respect, the gratitude, the affection of the sons. Dr. Gardiner was a thoroughly read divine. "There were giants upon the earth," in the days when his principles were adopted, and his habits of study and of thought were formed; and, in the contemplation of their sinewy intellectual stature, he had enlarged, invigorated, and matured his own. He had lived in the intercourse of minds like Barrow's, Taylor's, South's, and Horsley's, till he had caught the tone and temper of their mighty and undaunted spirits. He was a true Protestant Christian of the Church of England. From "the Bible, and the Bible only," he drew, like the illustrious Chillingworth, the whole of his religion. Applying to the sacred volume the entire force of his vigorous mind, strengthened and made acute by the soundest learning, and most thorough discipline, he found there the doctrines of the Trinity of persons in the undivided and eternal Godhead, the true and proper divinity of Jesus Christ, and the atonement purchased for sinful man, by the effusion of his blood; and, finding them there, he proclaimed them with all boldness, and defended them with a plainness which none could misunderstand, and with a firmness which allowed no compromise. Founded on these great principles of the Catholic faith, the superstructure of his belief was made complete in all their cognate

and consequential doctrines. And, if he insisted less frequently than others upon man's deep corruption, and utter inability to save himself, upon the nature and necessity of justifying faith, upon the offices and operations of the renewing and sanctifying Spirit, it was because he knew and feared the abuses of these doctrines—because, aware how often fanaticism had found its watch-word in the perversion of the terms which teach them, he dreaded, lest, in him, the havoc which has thus been made of truth and charity, of virtue and good order, should find encouragement or countenance. The grounds of man's belief once settled, he was accustomed to regard it as a sacred subject between the heart and God; and his practice was from that time to go on, not laying again the strong foundations, but building up, in all its solid strength, its just proportions, and its chastened beauty, the fair and glorious fabric of the Christian life. His preaching, like his religion, was thus eminently practical. The motto for his sermons might have been the precept of the Saviour—*by their fruits ye shall know them.* He enforced, with eloquent earnestness, the relative and social duties. He proclaimed, as if his spirit loved it, the angel's message, of good will and peace. He dwelt with delight upon the beauty and desirableness of virtue. He urged continually the Saviour's perfect example. He pointed ever to the rewards laid up for the obedient and faithful, in the eternal kingdom; and sought rather to win, than to alarm, his hearers to their pursuit and attainment—

"And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
"To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
"He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
"Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

Nor was he less decided and consistent as a Churchman, than as a Protestant Christian. Having planted his foot upon the ancient Apostolic platform, not by virtue of his ancestral example, but from his own conviction, he kept it ever firm and steadfast. The doctrine, the discipline, and the worship of the Church of England, had his intelligent preference, his affectionate attachment, his able and unshrinking advocacy. And so tenacious was he of the old paths, in which our fathers walked and found rest to their souls, that he was sometimes tempted to fear as innovations, and to reject, from a most pardonable abhorrence of error, heresy, and schism, practices and institutions, which were either revived from primitive usage, or legitimate conclusions from primitive principles. Thus firm, decided, and uncompromising, in his own principles and convictions, he extended to others the most liberal charity. He judged no man. He condemned no man. He left all to their own conclusions; for he knew that all, with him, must stand before a common Master, an unerring Judge. Nor was his that spurious virtue, which calls itself liberality, while it is, in truth, indifference—but the allowance of an enlarged and elevated mind for human weakness, or for conscientious disagreement —the true Christian charity, which not only does, and says, but "thinks no evil." Extending to his religious views the cheerful radiance of his temper, our friend was free from gloom, moroseness, and severity. He felt that God had given us all things richly to enjoy, and knew that the happiest innocent heart—and without innocence there is no happiness—was the most acceptable in His sight. Sincere, and un-

ostentatious, as he was cheerful, in his views of present duty, and of future destiny, if there was one thing which he hated in others, it was hypocrisy and cant; and upon this subject, it was his habit to speak in terms of unmeasured, but surely not of unmerited, reprobation. Not always proof against the assaults of small vexations, he reserved his fortitude for occasions worthy of its exercise, and endured great evils with a most magnanimous and noble resignation. A painful and distressing malady embittered and harassed his latest days. But, though the man felt keenly, the Christian triumphed. Looking through the vista of the grave, to Jesus his compassionate Redeemer, he saw not its darkness nor its terrors, for the glory that was revealed. He never faltered, he never shrunk; but, waiting with composure, till the time of his great change should come, fell tranquilly asleep. Of the public performances of our friend, or of his public character, it is not necessary to say much, in this congregation, or in this community. Their testimony is on record in all hearts. This noble edifice is their enduring monument. The members of this large and influential parish are living witnesses. The public voice is an unbribed, impartial, and abiding arbiter. How correctly, how beautifully, how powerfully, how affectingly, he performed the various admirable services of the church, I need not say. There was not, by the consent of all who ever heard him, in his day of glory, his equal in America. His sermons, always sensible, always practical, beautiful in their conception, finished in their execution, graceful and forcible in their delivery, rendered him at all times an acceptable and useful preacher. Promi-

nent for years in the legislative councils of the church, he was, by confession of all, the chief presbyter of the diocese. And, if he never attained to the higher station of the Episcopate, it was because he never aspired to it. In the discharge of all the duties of his office, he was, beyond all men that ever I have known, most scrupulous. For years he was scarcely ever absent from his pulpit on the sacred day. To the last moment of his ability, and, if the truth were known, my brethren, long beyond it, he continued to insist, against my most sincere and earnest protestations, on discharging his portion of the public duty; and the painful conviction, that he could be no longer useful, was among the strong considerations that drove him from his home, to seek for health, in a far-distant land, and find a sepulchre.

Brethren, if I had been speaking to you of one whose name you had never heard before, have I not said more than enough to convince your understandings that he was a great man, and to fill your hearts with the satisfaction, far more endearing, far more enduring, that he was also a good man? How imperfect, how utterly inadequate must I feel that my descriptions are, when I remember, that, for forty years, he has continued to be your guide, your counsellor, your friend—that, having received yourselves from him the washing of the wave of baptism, you have brought your children to him, to receive its mystic seal—that your young have caught from his lips the accents of their first instructions in the knowledge that maketh wise unto salvation—that your sick have received from his hands the last consolations of our most holy faith—that your dead have

gone down to the grave beneath his solemn prayers! Yes, brethren of the congregation, it is all too true. The stroke of an afflictive providence has been brought home to us; and we are all gathered here before God, our altars clad in these habiliments of woe, our eyes suffused, our hearts oppressed with grief, one family of Christian mourners. Ah, yes! and there is another circle, to which that providence comes still more nearly home. Of that bereaved family, I will not, for I cannot, speak. There is a consecration in such sorrow, that repels the approach even of the most tender sympathy. There is but one—the Holy Ghost, the Comforter—that can fitly minister to hearts so bruised, and broken. But, though I may not speak to them, in their bereavement, I will pour my prayers out for them—that they may be brought together again in God's good time in peace and safety—that they may be all restored to the arms of their friends, and the bosom of the Church—and dwell together beneath the protecting shadow of the widow's and the orphan's God—that in all things He may guide, protect and bless them—and that, in the multitude of the sorrows that they have in their hearts, His comforts may refresh their souls!

Brethren of the congregation, the time admonishes us, that we must leave our friend, our brother, and our father, in his distant lonely grave. Wherever we go, let the voice of him, who, "being dead, yet speaketh," linger in our ears. Let us hear it in the paths he trod—and it shall animate us to the prompt, faithful, punctilious discharge of all our duties. Let us hear it in the services in which he delighted—and it will quicken our piety, and elevate our devo-

tion. Let us hear it from the altar which he served —and it will influence us generously to support, earnestly to defend, constantly to honour it. Let us hear it in the Church, in which, like a true soldier of Christ Jesus, he stood bravely to the last, and would have gladly died—and it will encourage us to wait patiently in its holy faith, its sacred worship, its celestial communion, till the voice of God shall call us to depart. Let us hear it in the solemn, silent grave—and it shall cheer us with the blessed, comfortable assurance, that, if we live to Jesus, we shall also sleep with him, and pass, for his most precious merits "through the grave and gate of death,"to our triumphant resurrection. Which, that we may all attain, and, at the last, be all united, teachers and taught, to that rejoicing throng, which stands with palms, and crowns, and ceaseless praise before the throne of heaven, may God Almighty, in his mercy, grant; and to the blessed Three in One, immutable, immortal, undivided, indivisible, be ascribed thanksgiving, glory, honour, might, dominion, praise, now and forever more! Amen.

# NOTES.

## I.

Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, born, in 1717, in Narraganset, R. I. was among the most distinguished in his profession of the day in which he lived.—Having spent eight years in the enjoyment of the best advantages which England and France afforded, he returned to Boston a most accomplished surgeon and physician. He not only practised successfully, but promoted the knowledge of the healing art, by reading lectures, illustrated by anatomical preparations. By these means, and by his success in a large establishment for the importation and sale of drugs, he acquired an immense estate, a considerable portion of which he vested in uncultivated lands in Maine, upon which he founded the now flourishing town of Gardiner. He lived in great splendour, with a most generous hospitality; and was a decided and munificent supporter of the Church of England. Adhering to the government of the mother country, in the struggle of the Revolution, his property was confiscated, and he was reduced to comparative poverty. When the British army left Boston, he went to England: where, in a memorial to Parliament for indemnification for the loss of his property, he showed an amount of 48,000*l.* Returning to this country, in 1786, he died, at Newport, R. I., aged 69 years; leaving a name distinguished by strict integrity, extensive benevolence, and exemplary piety.

John Gardiner was his eldest son—but, from a dislike of his principles, both in politics and religion, his father, by will, settled the greater portion of his estate upon his sister's son, Robert Hallowell, now Robert Hallowell Gardiner, Esq. of Gardiner, in Maine. The forfeited property in Maine, it should be added, was chiefly recovered by the heirs, in consequence of some informality in the legal process of the Attorney General. At the close of the American War, the principles of which he had always openly and warmly defended, even while holding office under the Crown, he came from St. Christopher's to Boston: where, for a time, he practised law; but, having settled afterwards upon an estate on the Kennebec River, was drowned, on his passage to Boston, in 1793.

John Sylvester John Gardiner (so named, it is believed, from a fancy of his father, to unite in him, his own name with those of his paternal and maternal grandfathers,) was first at school, in Boston, under the famous Master Lovell. He was then sent to England; and remained with Dr. Parr from September, 1776, till December, 1782. He was ordained Dea-

con in St. Paul's Church, New-York, October 18, 1787; and Priest, December 4, 1791, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Provoost. He received the honorary degree of A. M. from Harvard University, in 1803—and his diploma as D. D. from the University of Pennsylvania, bears date, July 30, 1813.—— He was married, Sept. 29, 1794, to Mary Howard, who survives his loss; and has left one son, William Howard, and two daughters, Mary Louisa, and Elizabeth. Two children, Charles Cotesworth, and Mary Allen, died young.—Dr. Gardiner was accompanied to England by his wife and eldest daughter; whose mournful lot it was to solace his dying moments, and honour his last obsequies.

II.

Of Dr. Gardiner's school, in its effect upon the classical learning of the day, it is not easy to speak too highly. His system, both of instruction and discipline, was formed, in most respects, on the model of Dr. Parr.— He taught the languages thoroughly, and—what had scarcely been attempted here before—drilled them well in Latin and Greek prosody.— While his *exegesis* of the classics was strictly, and critically accurate, his fine taste led him continually to develope, and to dwell upon, their latent beauties. Nor, in the formation of the intellectual, did he neglect the physical, or moral, man. He encouraged athletic sports, and, on rare occasions, and, as special marks of his approbation, would take part in them himself. Idleness he held in utter contempt. His maxim was, *to* WORK *when they worked, and to* PLAY *when they played.* Cowardice, meanness, tale-telling, bullying, were never tolerated. Manliness and independence of character were encouraged by precept and example. Though his discipline was very severe, his boys all loved him. And such was his ascendancy over them, that while, at times, he permitted an almost saturnalian freedom, he always held them at the controul of a look. For the sportiveness of youth, he allowed wide range, but never overlooked omissions or deficiencies of duty.

III.

Among the circumstances of Dr. Gardiner's literary life, his connexion with the ANTHOLOGY CLUB, may be singled out, as most interesting, and most important in its results. The Club, though projected by the late Rev. Mr. Emerson, was formed at Dr. Gardiner's house; and he continued to be its President, and, as an old member of it recently expressed himself, "its very life and soul," from its foundation, in 1805, to his retirement from the Club in 1811; when he was succeeded by President Kirkland, six months before its dissolution. By this Club, the "Monthly Anthology and Boston Review," was conducted—a work which was, at its time, the ablest periodical of literature in the United States, and assisted greatly in elevating the standard of letters in this country. Indeed, the origin of the North American Review may be remotely traced to it.— But the great glory of the Anthology Club consists in its having laid the foundation of the Athenæum. Among the objects of the Club was a reading-room for the use of the members. This was first put in execution at a

meeting held, October 23, 1805, at the Rev. Dr. Gardiner's ; he himself setting the example, by the donation of a large number of volumes of the "Gentleman's Magazine." By degrees, the plan was enlarged ; the property of the books was vested in trustees, for the use of the members, and other subscribers ; the name was changed; and, from this humble beginning, originated the noble institution of the BOSTON ATHENÆUM, now numbering 25,000 volumes.

J. H. Eastburn, Printer.